

Fine Prizes Offered by the O.-W. R. & N. Company for Coming Fair



Cup to be given by O.-W. R. & N. Company.

The O.-W. R. & N. Co. has offered some good prizes for the fair to be held here next week. A fine cup, shown above, will be given to the owner of the best sire in the beef breed. The company has also offered \$50 for the best herd, one boar and three sows, over one year old.

CHIEF HENRY YELKIS IS BELIEVED MURDERED

Chief of Molalla Last Seen Alive With Half-Breed Indian and His Head Is Badly Battered.

PICTURESQUE FIGURE AT RECENT P. E. & H. CELEBRATION

Recently Proved Up on His Homestead, on Which He Had Lived for Last Twenty-Five Years.

[UNITED PRESS LEASED WIRE.] Molalla, Or., Sept. 24.—Chief Henry Yelkis, the last of the Molallas, is dead. His body was found yesterday with his head badly battered, along the road one and one-half miles from this city. He was last seen alive with Harry Clark, a half-breed Indian of Oregon City, after the two had been to a hopfield near Scott's Mills.

The authorities are working on the theory that the chief was murdered. Marks on the Indian indicate that he was struck down with a club or some heavy weapon. Clark is being detained by the authorities here pending the investigation.

Indian Henry was a picturesque figure at Molalla last Friday during the opening of the Portland, Eugene & Eastern railway. Clad in the habiliments of the chief of the tribe and mounted on his old riding pony, Chief Yelkis led the parade from the depot grounds to the speakers' tent, his escort being composed of cowgirls and "Old Buck," the stage trail horse, and altogether typifying the passing of the frontier west in that part of the state.

Chief Yelkis was known as "Molalla Henry," and was highly respected as a man and citizen by old pioneers who are alive today. He was 67 years old as he remembered. The chief grew to manhood as the companion and friend of many of the now prominent men of the Molalla country. His home was on a homestead located on the north fork of the Molalla river, about 12 miles east of Molalla, land that he had just made final proof upon after a residence of 25 years.

FAIRGROUNDS

(Continued from page one.)

Hill geraniums, a great mass of pink, and right at the entrance, a grouping of pink and yellow hydrangeas just coming into bloom that will be a delight to the eyes by the time the fair opens. There are so many others and all so beautiful that it is useless to even try to mention them. Take our advice, go out and see them, and then you will understand why we lack language to describe them. It cannot be done, at least not until language acquires color and beauty and fragrance, and then its vocabulary would have to be a comprehensive one. It has been truly a labor of love with the landscape artist, Mr. Hugh Bryan, who has, as it were, painted a great picture in living colors, a picture that will delight you and that has a coloring that even the divine old masters never approached, for God mixed the colors, and did the shading, and Mr. Bryan simply hung the picture and arranged the setting.

MARRY TO BECOME MEN.

In Korea Males Are Looked Upon as Children Until They Wed.

The Koreans marry very young, generally between the ages of twelve and fifteen. For a woman to reach twenty without marrying is considered a terrible thing. A peculiarity of these weddings is that they would appear to be a matter of interest to every one except the parties mostly concerned, who often see one another for the first time on the wedding morning. This is because in a Korean household the boys are kept apart from the girls, the father and the sons occupying the front of the house and the mother and daughters living in the rear of the establishment. Moreover, in their social life the boys are not allowed to mix with the gentler sex.

The parents and friends arrange the match in accordance with their own interests, and if both parties agree and the bargain is concluded the formalities are of the simplest. There is no religious ceremony and no legal contract.

Early on the wedding morn the best man arrives to tie the bridegroom's pigtail in a knot on the top of his head. This not only remains forever as an outward and visible sign of his condition, but entitles him to wear a hat for the first time in his life and to be treated as a man and enter public life. He may be a mere child, twelve years of age, but he has no longer any right to play with his boy friends and must choose his associates among old men.

He has now all civil rights and is expected to behave accordingly. If, on the contrary, a man is unable to afford the luxury of a home and a wife, he may reach the age of fifty, but he must still wear his pigtail down his back, has none of the advantages of citizenship and is expected to play with kites, marbles and such like. Any folly he may commit is excused in the same way as the naughtiness of a child who is not responsible for his actions.

The wedding ceremony itself is most simple. The whole function consists of a procession when the bride and bridegroom are conducted by their respective relations to a dais. There they are put face to face and, probably, as already stated, see each other for the first time. They merely glance at one another, then bow, and the knot is tied indissolubly.—Wide World Magazine.

Fingers and Forks.

A New Yorker was speaking of a London horse show he attended. "A feature of the show," he said, "was the magnificent riding of certain Arab chiefs. These chiefs gave a dinner one evening, an Arab dinner, and they ate the first course—kous kous—with their fingers."

"An Englishman asked for a fork for his kous kous. When it was brought to him a young chief said: 'I beg your pardon, but I don't see how you can bear to eat with a fork.' 'I,' the Englishman replied, 'was about to remark that I didn't see how you could bear to eat with your fingers.'"

"But my fingers," said the Arab, "are clean—clean. I know it. I see it myself. But you, sir, how can you feel sure about the cleanness of your fork?"—New York Tribune.

Japanese Festival Cars.

Most Japanese towns have a shrine or temple dedicated to the tutelary deity of the city. At Ueno, in the province, several beautiful decorated cars are kept at the shrine, and figure annually in a curious procession. When the day of the festival arrives hundreds of pious worshippers drag the cars by means of ropes through the gayly decorated streets of the city—thereby, they believe, greatly pleasing the gods of the shrine. The cars are wonderful examples of Japanese decorative art, richly ornamented with gilding and lacquer work.—Wide World.

How Do You Laugh?

A French paper has discovered that a person's character is expressed in his manner of laughing. If you laugh in a "ha-ha" fashion you are frank if a man and inconstant and incapable of keeping a secret if a woman. If you laugh "heh-heh" you are neurotic, melancholy and skeptical. If you adopt a deeper tone and laugh in "ho-ho" you are generous, easy going and good natured. The proper pitch for the fair sex to laugh in is "he-he," while people who laugh with a "boo-boo" effect should be avoided as hypocritical, scandal mongering and miserly.

Morbid Parisians.

Public executions in Paris prove very profitable to the owners of houses commanding the scene. Windows are let out for the occasion, the landlords watching for the first sign of the execution and then at once sending word to the persons who have hired the room. If an ordinary criminal is executed the charge is usually about \$4 per seat, but should the offender have committed any remarkable crime the price runs up to as much as \$30.

Exaggerated Impressions.

"Mr. Meekton says his wife is competent to hold any office in the government."

"That opinion," replied Miss Cayenne, "is the result of his vanity. He thinks that because she can govern him she must be able to govern the entire nation."—Washington Star.

Fistful.

Flubdub—What do you consider the most delicate form of flattery? Cynicus—Telling a married man he doesn't look it.—Judge.

Chance generally favors the prudent.—Jobert.

Even the man who is good only on Sundays may manage to keep his bathing average down.

Nearly \$20,000 in hard surfacing has been done at Cottage Grove this year, at a cost of less than \$1 a yard.

One Voice Music.

Composers have not scorned writing airs to suit the style of particular singers, thus, as Francis Rogers remarks, "storing up for the usual voices of subsequent generations much travail and sorrow." Mendelssohn crowded "Hear Ye, Israel," with high F sharps to give Jenny Lind, whom he adored, a chance to display the particular beauty of her voice in that region, with the result that that air has been a sore trial to most sopranos ever since. Faure, the famous French baritone, also had a particularly facile and melodic high F sharp, and many parts were written especially to give him a chance to exhibit it to the gasping multitude. But in most baritone voices this F sharp is the very limit of the upper range, and, although it may have both power and brilliance, it seldom possesses either mellowness or facility; consequently all the roles written for Faure (Meyerbeer's "Dinorah," for instance) are particularly trying for the ordinary baritone.—Argonaut.

Wearing Shabby Clothes.

It's a great thing to wear shabby clothes and an old hat. Some of the best things I have ever known, like these experiences of the streets, have resulted from coming up to life from underneath, of being taken for less than I am rather than for more than I am.

I did not always believe in this doctrine. For many years—the years before I was rightly born into this altering world—I tried quite the opposite course. I was constantly attempting to come down to life from above. Instead of being content to carry through life a sufficiently wonderful being named David Grayson, I tried desperately to set up and support a sort of dummy creature which so clad, so housed, so fed, should appear to be what I thought David Grayson ought to appear in the eyes of the world. Oh, I spent quite a lifetime trying to satisfy other people!—David Grayson in American Magazine.

Kleptomaniac.

The paragraphist opened his typewriter, adjusted a sheet of paper, lit his pipe and sat for a moment immersed in thought. Then he clicked off a single line of copy. He glanced at what he had written, and a look of surprise came across his classic features. Then he gasped, shrieked and went into a fit of hysterics.

His colleagues rushed into the room, but he was beyond human aid. In ten minutes he had laughed himself to death. Then one bethought himself to look at the last lines those fingers, now cold and still, had written. At the top of the all but unsullied sheet appeared these words: "Another shoplifter arrested in one of our big stores has been dismissed with a warning and her name withheld from the papers. What used to be called a crime in now yelet a mania!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Curious Signboards.

An eighteenth century Glasgow sweep suspended over the door of his house the announcement:

Barny Ketr, he does live here. He'll sweep your vents, and not too dear. And should they chance to go on fire He'll put them out at your desire.

Edinburgh once enjoyed the distinction of possessing the most prolix signboard on record:

"John Main, Stationer, Bibles, Testaments, Psalms, Hymns, Prayer-books, Catechisms, Proverbs, Books, new and old, in various branches of literature. Money or exchange for old Books; Papers, Pens, and Ink; Wax and Wafers; Blacklead, Hair, and Hair Pencils; Colored Books, Memorandum Books, Religious Tracts, Books neatly bound, on moderate terms."—London Mail.

Bear Fighting.

In the seventeenth century on feast days the life of the czar of Russia was enlivened with such amusements as a battle to the death between a bear and a spearman, in which it is said frequently the man lost his life. In the event of a successful issue the spearman was rewarded by being taken to the royal cellars, where he was allowed to drink as much as he liked.—Cris de Paris.

Not Enough Practice.

"Oh, Johnnie, Johnnie," said the aunt reproachfully, "why is it you never remember to say 'Thank you'?"

"I expect it's 'cause I don't get things given to me often enough for practice," answered the young diplomat, hopelessly eating a box of chocolates.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Easily Explained.

Grinn—What's happened to disturb the friendship between Nippon and Cut-up? Each one of them says the other is an intolerable bore. Barrett—Nippon's recently become the father of a firstborn and Cut-up's just had a surgical operation.—Exchange.

Just a Reminder.

"You must give me credit for making money last," declared the wife. "But don't forget that I make it first," said the husband.—Buffalo Express.

Legal Note.

Bix—My lawyer tells me I have a strong case. Dix—He probably means that it is one that will last for years.—Boston Transcript.

Poor Guesser.

Patience—Is Will good at guessing games? Patrice—I think not. He said he guessed I'd learn to love him.—Yonkers Statesman.

TRY JOURNAL WANT ADS FOR THEY BRING RESULTS

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Mitchell
LEWIS & STAVEL CO.

He Who Stands Still is Lost

This is the age of progress in all things, particularly in labor-saving and profit-making machinery. In this connection there are few if any lines of machinery that equal the development of that intended for farm use. This development is an interesting study.

20th Century Advancement in Farming Machinery Will Be Typified in Our Exhibit at the Fair Next Week

We want you to spend a little time with us to see for yourself one of the most important factors in raising the standards of farm efficiency, decreasing the work and increasing the profits.

OUR PART in this development has been the introduction of machinery of high class, and we've stood behind our offerings with a reputation of nearly half a century of square dealing. We had faith in the gasoline engine when it was in its infancy. As a result we have sold more than 3000 Stavers. We were pioneers in the pneumatic water supply systems—the thing that has done more than any other one thing to make farm home life more enjoyable. Always we have been leaders, yet conservative enough to be sure of our customers' satisfaction before taking the step.

BE WITH US AT THE FAIR

Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Co.

Portland, Oregon

PURVINE IMPLEMENT & PUMP CO.

Salem Agents

NET TIGHTENING

(Continued from page one.)

of the prisoner was this:

"I closed shop about 5:30 Thursday evening, got a shave nearby, ate in a restaurant near my room and reached the apartment about 7:45. Half an hour later I took a street car to the beach, remained until midnight, bought a drink of beer at the Crest and came back to town."

From then until after 2 the next afternoon Coulson's account lapsed. He took it up again with the purchase of a newspaper, his reading of the shooting, his visit to his lawyer and his surrender to the police. He did not pretend to have forgotten what happened between midnight and 2 p. m. He simply refused to tell.

Strong Evidence of Guilt.

Brennan learned something, however, of the prisoner's movements during the period he would not discuss. His informant was F. B. Rosenkrantz, a business associate of Coulson's. According to his statement, Coulson spent the latter part of the night of the murder at the Oakwood hotel, whence he telephoned to Rosenkrantz about 7 a. m., to arrange for a meeting with his lawyer.

The police visited the Oakwood hotel to verify this story, and at the hotel, Clerk Bert Davis did, indeed, identify Coulson as having registered there about 2:30 a. m., on the morning of the shooting, or some 20 minutes after it had occurred, as "A. B. Cole, Los Angeles."

Later Mrs. S. K. Stacy, landlady at the Oakwood, found a .38 calibre revolver, such as fired the shots which killed Aker and Kovack and wounded Coulson's common law wife, and such, also, as Coulson is known to have owned, in a toilet tank at the Oakwood.

Says She Saw Him.

Another witness, Mrs. Curtis, wife of a chauffeur, has told the police that she saw a man resembling Coulson walking rapidly from the Atlas garage a few seconds after the shooting there had awakened her.

Attorney Crosby, representing Coulson's common law wife, Mrs. Katherine Gallagher, or Wattenbaugh, as she is variously known, instituted habeas cor-

pus proceedings today in behalf of the woman, who, though in hospital, is technically detained by the police. The petition says the wounded woman is wanted for no offense, and that the police have no right to interfere with her. The case will be heard tomorrow morning.

SAYS GERMAN DAY AT FAIR WILL BE GREAT

"German Societies' Day" at the state fair this year will be a hummer, according to August Kehrberger, the president of the local German society, who is making some elaborate preparations to receive the German-speaking public that will visit Salem on that day.

Rain or shine, the Germans from every part of the state, flock to the state fair on German day. Owing to the busy part of the crop season during the week

of the fair last year, the delegation in Salem was not quite so large as it was formerly. In 1911, however, a parade of Germans ten blocks long formed at the intersection of State and Twelfth streets and marched through the streets and over 2000 German-speaking visitors were in the city and at the state fair grounds that year. President Kehrberger hopes to see even a larger crowd of Germans here on September 30, and he has already been assured that delegations from all over Oregon will be on hand to make the day a routing success.

Save Time!

Time lost because of headaches, lassitude and depressions of biliousness, is worse than wasted. Biliousness yields quickly to the safe, certain home remedy—

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

If Women Want Work as Well as Votes

The way of securing it is simple—a way that has proved successful in hundreds of instances.

In the "Want Ad" pages of The Capital Journal there is a work-finding classification devoted especially to women. It contains reliable news where good employment may be found under the heading of "Help Wanted—Female."

Women who support themselves, and who need employment, should read these ads carefully.

Wide is the variety of congenial work they offer from day to day.

But when a woman is out of employment, and nothing that fits her experience appears she should write an ad of her own, saying exactly what she wants and leave it, mail it, send it or phone it to The Capital Journal.

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